




I can still taste summer on your skin



Chaz
 [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>
2007-11-20 14:35:00

MOOD: 😊 boy am I smart

MUSIC: KT Tunstall - Get Ur Freak On (repeat play)

Turkey Day challenge for the apartment dweller: Brining.

I've got two big birds to brine (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//allrecipes.com/HowTo/Brining-Turkey/Detail.aspx>), and a modest-sized apartment kitchen (I've seen bigger in RVs) with a squinky little refrigerator that will already be full of food by Wednesday night. Not keeping the birds and brine cold overnight is a really good way to meet the local emergency room personnel.

Options: brine the turkeys in roasting bags in coolers with a block of ice to keep them cold. Hmm. Don't have a big enough cooler. Reasonably-priced coolers for sale in greater D.C. area in November: not so many, really.

Cold basement: Unfortunately, kind of warm, actually.

No fire escape.

Waitwaitwait! THE BEACH!

I picked the lock on the door to the roof pretty much as soon as I moved in, and I spend off hours in summer up there reading and baking like the lizard I am. But November is not beach weather.

Aha, but with an overnight low of 50° F predicted for Wednesday night, and a couple of big food-grade plastic pails with lids and ice, the beach becomes the Brining Deep.

And wow, it'll be like Head in a Box for the local pigeons, if they only knew. *g*



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

17 comments

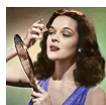


 trollcatz

November 20 2007, 22:15:31 UTC

COLLAPSE

Bring it over to our place.



 Ometotchtli

November 20 2007, 22:16:03 UTC

COLLAPSE

...you're doing the "we" thing.

(I mention this only as a point of information.)



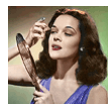
 trollcatz

November 20 2007, 22:24:43 UTC

COLLAPSE

No, no, that was the "our" thing.

I are?



 Ometotchtli

November 20 2007, 22:26:12 UTC

COLLAPSE

uh huh. *g* You are.



 trollcatz

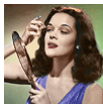
November 20 2007, 22:33:26 UTC

COLLAPSE

Oh. Huh.

Well, Mario and Ciel are friends of T.'s, really, so that's how we got to rent the place while they're in the Czech Rep. So I can't really say it's *my* place.

Oh gawd, I'm talking too much, aren't I?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 20 2007, 22:36:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sweetie, you're adorable.

It ought to work out for some of us, y'no?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 23:18:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

blushblushblush



 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 22:29:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's all about the timing. Eight hours, then boom, out of there and rinse 'em well and stuff 'em. Much longer than eight, and there's a risk of turkey that tastes like it's been submerged with the Titanic. If I use the beach, I can sink 'em before I bunk, and dredge 'em up first thing in the morning.

Hey, when do you guys go to your dad's? Trust me unsupervised in your kitchen while you're gone?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 22:36:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

dood, I trust you to hold my *rope*. And follow me into a free-fire situation with a live weapon.

I'll give you the spare key tomorrow.

In fact, you know, fuckit. I'll get you a key made. T. won't mind, and somebody should have one.

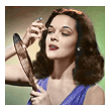


 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 23:16:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The key to my mistress's apartment!

Huh. You and 0 should maybe have copies of mine. In case of whatever. If you don't mind, that is.



 [Ometotchtli](#)


[November 20 2007, 23:37:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Give it to Mom.

You don't have a cat, and it will make her feel loved, and sweetie, if somebody has to clean out your place?

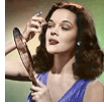
She won't let it be anybody else.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 23:38:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

what the wabbit said.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 20 2007, 23:49:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Not that I vote for anybody cleaning out your place.

Ever.



 [cvillette](#)

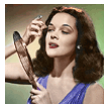
[November 21 2007, 00:16:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

geep

Okay, that felt interesting.

Good point. I'll ask Mom. But for anything less than doomsday, man, I don't want to have to ask Mom to stop by and pick me up an emergency clean shirt. It would crater my reputation as a guy who is always totally in control of the situation. *uncontrollable laughter*



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 21 2007, 01:19:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

For clean shirts, I'm your wabbit.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 21 2007, 01:41:11 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You have better taste than me.

Which means what you'll be appalled by what you have to work with. *g*



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[November 21 2007, 01:42:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

"that," not "what."

Stupid thumbs.

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